Give It To Me

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Give It To Me

by DancingSkys

Summary

Yoongi doesn't like to get spanked with bare hands but there are still lots of other options that he enjoys a lot.
It all gets even better when Namjoon ties him up and makes him cry.

Notes

For the lovely soul who asked for Impact Play with Aftercare~
Sounds like a sexy ice cream flavour xD
First time wirting really anything with impact play but I hope the outcome is still good. I did my best :)
It took me so damn long to find a fitting title and summary for this, my creativity is running low...

If you want to talk about how pretty Yoongles looks in red rope or anything at all come visit me on Tumblr DancingSkys

Your typical day would usually not be spent… *like this* . But Yoongi and Namjoon often had not so typical days and today was one of them. The older had decided he wanted to do something with his sub so that's what he did, ushering the younger into the bedroom where he started getting everything ready.

The student was left sitting on the floor, waiting and watching his dom fiddle with bundles of red rope. His wrists were tied together first, nice and snug in front of him so that he couldn't wiggle them free no matter what. Namjoon went back to the closet and rummaged through one of the cupboards with their toys, beckoning Yoongi over and telling him to crawl. He must have looked quite pitiful with his hands tied together, slowly maging his way forward on unsteady limbs until he finally sat next to his dom and looked up at him expectantly.

Namjoon hummed deep in thought, looking back at the toys before closing the cupboard again and Yoongi was sure he was pouting in disappointment. The older ignored him though and instead picked up something else and moved swiftly enough that his sub didn't know what it was until his mouth was forced open by a rough thumb and a ball was pushed inside, kept in place by a thick strap around the back of his head. He needed a second but once he realized what the older had just done he whined around his gag, trying to swallow the suddenly excessive spit in his mouth which only worked partly.

His dom seemed to be satisfied with his choice though and went back to rummaging. He glanced back at Yoongi who was looking at him with puppy eyes, feeling embarrassed about the ball shoved in his mouth that kept him from speaking. The older pulled him over to the bed and bent him over it, tying his legs together above and below his knees.

Yoongi turned his head slightly to watch what the older was doing. He could still make out that his dom was standing in front of their 'spanking display'. For some reason Yoongi still didn't like the traditional spanking aka his dom slapping his butt with his bare hand. He was fine with it when it was just a small slap during play when he was close to venturing out of line but he just couldn't enjoy it as corporal play. It made him feel like he was a bratty child that was punished by a parent that didn't know what to do and saw this as a

suitable punishment and that was really not the dynamic he wanted to get from his and Namjoon's relationship.

It made Yoongi actually kind of angry to be honest and if there was one emotion he did not want to feel when he was the elder's sub it was anger.

They had tried it once although Yoongi hadn't been really into it but he had thought it was worth trying it out since apparently so many people liked it and he had been willing to test the waters. But after just a few minutes he had used his safeword because he had been close to yelling at Namjoon and that's something they didn't need nor wanted to happen.

He had felt sorry towards the older for having to deal with his grumpiness for the rest of the day and getting snapped at several times but in the evening he had finally settled down a bit and hadn't glared at the lawyer as he had ever so carefully pulled him in his lap for some cuddles.

Yoongi really didn't know the exact reason for his dislike, maybe it really was because it made him feel like a child and suddenly think of Namjoon as his parent and not his dom. It wasn't even that his own parents had every hit him because they hadn't and he couldn't imagine getting hit by them at all. It was strange but Namjoon - bless him - had just shrugged his shoulders as he tried to explain how he felt about it. "There doesn't always have to be a reason for dislike, sometimes it is just like that and it's fine. You tried it and didn't like it, that's all there is to it and I honestly don't want to make your angry when we're playing so why fret about it when we can just leave it out?"

So at first they had left it out completely, no spanking whatsoever and then Yoongi had grown curious the more he learned. There were crops, whips, belts, canes, floggers, flappers, slappers, paddles (whatever name people used for their tools)… there had to be something that he liked so he had asked Namjoon about it who had then suggested to start with a paddle because those may seem the most scary because of their size but they were actually the easiest to start. The pain was evenly distributed over a bigger area and therefore wouldn't hurt as much.

And their session had left Yoongi beginning to come and an absolute mess. Even Namjoon had been slightly surprised and later on said in a fake offended manner that Yoongi just hated his hands which the

younger then made sure to deny by playing with the lawyer's hands for the rest of the day, kissing his knuckles and nuzzling his cheeks into his big, warm palms.

They had ventured out more and had realized Yoongi just disliked being spanked with bare hands so that was something they didn't include but spanking with a tool was something he loved a lot.

A small sound of surprise left his mouth as he was hoisted up slightly and moved into a better position, looking over his shoulder carefully and seeing Namjoon with a paddle in his hand. He hummed and pushed up his behind slightly in anticipation but instead of getting hit he felt a hand sneaking around his middle and slipping a ring onto his length which he commented with a loud whine. Namjoon ignored him though and delivered a harsh slap to his butt with the paddle to shut him up, Yoongi's fingers curling into the sheets.

He jerked with each slap, sounds falling from his mouth messily while drool ran down his chin. The paddle was usually the way they started because Yoongi knew that getting hit with something else first was a lot more painful and he wouldn't be able to endure it for long if they didn't work their way up properly.

He got small breaks in between where Namjoon smoothed his hands over his burning cheeks, massaging the flesh and kneading it in his hands.

The paddle came down again, three quick slaps which left Yoongi squirming in an attempt to escape the pain but Namjoon held him down easily and since there was not much the younger could do with his legs and hands tied. He gasped for air, breathing harshly and more drool dribbled out of his mouth because he had long given up on trying to stop that from happening with a gag in his mouth. He was convinced Namjoon loved it when he was all messy and he liked being looked down on for being messy so it was somewhat of a win win situation if it weren't for the fact that-

"HhnnGGHn!"

… Yoongi couldn't fucking talk. He couldn't even beg because all that came from his mouth were incomprehensible babbles that made Namjoon smirk and him feel even more embarrassed. He whined in a frustrated manner, trying to squirm but another hit made his body shake and his eyes sting with unshed tears. He stopped trying to move and was pliant under his dom's touches, for now just focusing on his

breathing and letting his eyes flutter weakly to blink the tears away.

He turned his head as he heard Namjoon stepping away from behind him and standing in front of the closet again. Yoongi dropped his head back onto the mattress, closing his eyes and feeling his butt throb painfully. He was sure his cheeks and upper thighs were already bright red and incredibly sensitive.

His assumptions was confirmed as Namjoon trailed his fingers over his right buttcheeks every so lightly once he was back and Yoongi's entire body shuddered, his cock aching because of the stupid ring that kep him from coming.

The lawyer sat down on the edge of the bed next to him and placed whatever tool he had chosen as the next one down on the mattress. He reached for the rope above Yoongi's knees and yanked it up. Yoongi's scream came out as a strangled gurgle because he had absolutely no control over his body and movements. He tried to hold onto something to prevent his upper body from slipping off the bed but it still happened and he already saw himself slamming face first into the ground but instead a harsh pull on his hair buffered his fall but still made him cry out. It took some more manhandling and rough shoves until he was finally in the correct position across his dom's lap, sniffling pitifully and letting a few tears drip onto the floor.

His poor dick was pressed against the elder's jeans clad thigh and he wanted to grind down, get some sort of friction somehow but he held still like the good sub he was.

The holding still part was quickly thrown out of the window though as a spark of pain spread over Yoongi's butt and he jerked forward, his legs kicking slightly and his hand latching onto the closest thing which was his dom's leg or rather his pants. A long whine left his mouth and he realized his dom had settled for a leather flogger. Fuck, those things were painful.

A hand settled on his nape and kep him down roughly and he feared what was about to come. A series a quick hits met his butt, always in a slightly different place and left him squirming or at least trying to because his legs were tied together and his upper body was held down. Whimpers and moans mixed together and his vision turned white, his hips bucking forward and rubbing his length against his dom which made his head spin at an alarming speed. He cried out loudly, begging for a break and he got one a few moments later, slumping into a boneless heap in defeat with difficulties to breathe

and tears dripping to the floor. He couldn't stop his body from twitching and he was sure his length was flushed and weeping but the throbbing pain from his butt overshadowed everything else.

Warmth spread over his behind but he was unable to actually feel his dom's hand running over his abused skin, just letting everything happen.

"You look so pretty, baby," Namjoon drawled huskily, squeezing the flesh a bit and getting a loud whine in return. "Makes me want to hit you more. You can take more, baby, huh? You can take more and make sir proud, can't you?" A choked sniffle escaped Yoongi and he held tighter onto his dom's leg, dropping his head submissively. "Such a good boy you are," the lawyer said proudly before he focused back onto his task.

Yoongi squeezed his eyes shut, sobbing and trying to shift away from the pain but he was kept in place and it didn't stop even as he struggled. Namjoon kept going for as long as he wanted before he gave him a break and let his hand wander over his sub's bottom caringly.

The younger honestly didn't know if he was feeling pain or pleasure but he was fine with either of those two. He just didn't know how long he could last before he would eventually pass out although he knew it was highly unlikely it was just that his body was completely overwhelmed with what was going on and did not know how to deal with it which was very normal for him to feel during such an intense spanking session and he honestly loved it, loved it when he couldn't control himself and his dom played with him.

Namjoon reached for his sub's cock, getting a loud cry in return but he ignored it as he fumbled with the swollen length, making Yoongi squirm and wiggle in his lap because he had barely any leverage to move properly.

"Listen up, baby. I'm gonna hit you five more times and then you can come, understood?" Namjoon asked, squeezing the younger's cock. Yoongi screamed and his body tried to curl up before a wave of strong shudders went through him, leaving the sub spluttering for breath and moaning almost uncontrollably.

The lawyer laughed at his sub's misery, fisting his cock and making him scream and cry. "A dry orgasm, baby? Getting that excited? Pitifully little thing you are, getting all hard because sir spanks you."

Yoongi sobbed, tears and drool just dripping to the floor. Everything hurt and it felt so fucking good. He would honestly let Namjoon step all over him, he'd do anything for him at this point. If he told him to take of all his clothes on the streets he'd do it, he'd get on his knees in front of him and slobber all over his feet if he was asked to. He'd hump his dom's leg like a needy dog if he allowed him to. He'd crawl around and let him fuck his mouth in the middle of a café if he wanted to.

But Namjoon wouldn't do that and that is why Yoongi trusted and loved him so much.

"Got it, baby? Five more hits."

The younger made a weak noise which the lawyer took as confirmation and slipped off the cockring which caused Yoongi to tense, wanting to come right on the spot but he held back somehow with his eyes squeezed shut.

The first hit came and made the student jump, followed by second one and he was sure his cock was already leaking. It was excruciating, the older teasing him with small breaks and gentle touches while all he wanted was to freaking come already. As much as he loved the pain he wasn't sure how long he could last anymore and coming was all that was on his mind and since he couldn't beg with that stupid ball shoved into his mouth he had to endure whatever the older did to him.

Another spark of pain went through his body and more tears escaped his eyes, his mind a broken record of 'please, please, please' on repeat.

The fourth hit was especially hard and made Yoongi whined loudly and shake because he was so, so close and he felt the slightest movement, the faintest brush of material against his weeping cock was killing him. It was torture and he fucking loved it but he just needed to come please, please, please.

A hand pulled on his hair without lifting his head up and before he could even register it another strong hit met his abused bottom and he cried out as he came almost simultaneously, legs kicking and hips bucking and if Namjoon hadn't kept him in place he would have probably dropped to the ground. He doubted he would have cared though because all he cared for was riding out his orgasm, grinding against the elder's thighs like a dog and whimpering around his gag while tears spilled from his eyes, relief rushing through him and

making him dizzy.

Only once he started to calm down from his height he realized Namjoon had been murmuring praise the whole time, feeling himself flush as he called him a good boy and a good sub while he was still humping his dom's thigh in an attempt to ride out his orgasmn, feeling like he was just run a marathon with how he exhausted he suddenly was, barely managing to move his hips so he stopped once he had a little bit of control back.

His vision was still blurry because of his tears and there was still drool dripping from his chin but he kind of felt like just curling up and falling asleep, not caring that he was still tied up and gagged. His lids were already heavy and he was draped over his dom's lap bonelessly and while the position surely wasn't comfortable it would be sufficient for now.

"Baby, wag your toes for me," Namjoon said softly after a moment of silence, his hand still going over his sub's back while he watched the younger's feet, his toes twitching just slightly a few times which made him smile, now sure his sub was still somewhat there. "Good boy, very good."

Ever so carefully he started scooting back and lifting Yoongi so he was still sprawled across his lap but now lying on the bed before slipping out underneath him so he could move freely. He started with slowly untying the roped above and below his knees, murmuring sweet words and rubbing over his skin soothingly. There were faint red marks but they would be gone soon. The same couldn't be said for his butt and upper thighs though. They were bright red and were sure to bruise at least a bit, some hues of blue and purple already peeking through.

Namjoon moved up and undid the rope around the younger's wrists before lifting his head slightly so he could undo the strap of the gag and slide the ball out of Yoongi's mouth, strings of spit falling from it. The student whined softly because of his aching jaw and Namjoon rubbed over it with his thumb slowly, massaging the strained muscles before letting his sub rest again.

"That's a good boy. I'll be right back." He made a quick trip to the bathroom to get a soft towel and soaked it in cool water as well as start to run a warm bath before going back to the bedroom and finding his sub in the exact same position, watching him with hazy eyes. He whined and tensed as he carefully laid the towel over his bruised bottom to sooth the skin for a while. Namjoon soothed him by

running his fingers through his hair and massaging his scalp, sitting next to him and just waiting for a few minutes.

He went to check on the bath again and added a bit of the foaming bubble bath before he went to pick up his spent sub. He removed the towel and smiled as he saw the skin was still bright red. Every so carefully he turned the student around but the younger still whined as his butt made contact with the sheets so Namjoon lifted him up quickly and carried him to the bathroom. They settled in the water with Yoongi lying half on top of his dom and spent most of the time just kissing sweetly.

The lawyer had made sure the water wasn't too hot because it would just hurt Yoongi and it seemed like he had managed to get a pretty good temperature for both of them. The younger nuzzled into his chest and wrapped his arms around him, closing his eyes and just resting while Namjoon stroked his back in calming motions.

He knew not to stay in the bath for too long because then Yoongi would probably just fall asleep so he got out first, dried himself off and got dressed before he lifted his sub out of the bath like a small cat and dried him off, every so carefully patting his bottom dry without rubbing over the skin but Yoongi still had to cling to him in order not to fall because the slightest bit of pressure made his knees almost buckle.

Of course he also used lotion to help with the swelling and bruises that were bound to appear soon, gently massaging it into the skin until he deemed it enough.

He helped the younger move back to the bedroom, mumbling more sweet things into his ear and giving him some clothes. A pair of briefs because those wouldn't move around too much or cause more irritation and one of his own shirts of course which made Yoongi look adorable.

"Good boy," Namjoon said again, leaning down slightly and cupping his sub's cheeks in his hands, swiping his thumps over them just underneath his eyes which caused Yoongi to close them and lean more into his dom's gentle touches.

The older moved in and kissed his sub again just because he could and he liked kissing the younger. He wrapped his arms around him once they parted and pulled him into his chest, kissing the top of his head and stroking his nape with one hand for a while, Yoongi not showing

any sign or wanting to pull away but actually melting into the hug.

Sometimes that amazed Namjoon as well. He could hurt the student, humiliate him until he was a crying mess and use him however he wished and Yoongi still loved him, maybe even more because of that. Some people thought being a dom was exactly that, using others for your own pleasure but no, that is what someone not quite right in the head would do. Everything a dom does is because their sub is okay with it, asked for, wants it, not because the dom is the only one receiving pleasure from their actions.

Many might not understand but for Namjoon the biggest pleasure was to see Yoongi let go, to loose himself and have enough trust to give up control completely to the older. The emotions that washed over him every time Yoongi looked at him with those eyes and did exactly as told without hesitation, without questioning, it made him feel so many things that he couldn't even begin to describe.

He kissed the student's ear, whispering a soft 'thank you for your services, baby' and Yoongi tightened his hold just slightly, nuzzling more into Namjoon's chest.

They stood there for as long as possible until Namjoon feared Yoongi's legs might just give out so he leaned back and smiled at the student before he took his hand and lead him to the kitchen but not before picking up a pillow and a blanket from the living room. He placed the pillow onto a chair before draping the blanket over it and making Yoongi sit down slowly, kissing him as he winced and made a small and slightly pained sound.

The younger kissed back eagerly, not resisting as the blanket was tugged around him although he pouted as Namjoon leaned back. The older just smiled and kissed his nose before digging out something from the cabinet and placing it onto the table followed by two plates and some small, fork similar sticks. Yoongi watched curiously as several bowls of cut fruit was also put on the table and the lawyer filled a pot with water and placed it onto the stove. He grabbed a bowl with what seemed to be cut up chocolate inside the pot to float in the water.

Yoongi furrowed his eyebrows, eying all the tools and ingredients again before he finally realized what it was.

"Chocolate fondue?" he asked in surprise and Namjoon grinned at him. "Yup, as a small treat."

The student opened and closed his mouth a few times but didn't know what to say so he ducked his head and tugged the blanket tighter around himself, trying not to shift on the chair because his butt really didn't like that. "Thank you," he said quietly.

Namjoon seemed to be pretty proud of himself. "And I managed not to cut myself even once."

Yoongi perked up at that. "Really?" he asked, slightly suspicious. "Lemme see." He inspected the elder's hands very closely but couldn't find even a small scratch so he nodded in acceptance. "M' proud of you." The lawyer laughed and went back to stirring the slowly melting chocolate. "Thanks, muffin."

The younger smiled sweetly.

"You think my butt's gonna be green or blue first?" he asked after a while and Namjoon snorted. "Honey, I think with how red it was it's gonna be purple before anything else."

Yoongi hummed thoughtfully. "Gotta take a picture of it every day to see how it'll go away again."

Namjoon laughed, turning off the stove and placing the bowl onto the table. "We can do that." He picked up a strawberry, dunked it in chocolate and then held it up for Yoongi who leaned in, scrunched up his nose shortly because of his aching butt and then opened his mouth for the strawberry, chewing slowly while Namjoon waited for a reaction. After a moment he nodded his head in approval. "Good chocolate," he said and the lawyer grinned. "Good, what do you wanna have next?"

Yoongi didn't move a finger throughout their desert and just told the older what he wanted next. Namjoon fed him gladly although he might have left a few dots of chocolate on his nose and cheeks where he had missed *accidentally* , making sure to clean them off later on with his tongue and some kisses of course.

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